

See with Geronimo himself, therefore, it was without thought of the future. But the Apache chieftain was in a friendly mood that day and the Arizona pioneer can now tell of his experiences.

Adamson Cornwall of Kingman, Ariz., is a pioneer of three western states. He writes that he lived in Oregon from 1850 until 1864, California from 1864 until 1875, and Arizona from 1875 until the present.

Sullivan C. Richardson and Charles Edmund Richardson came to Arizona in 1875, and settled on the Little Colorado river, three miles north of the present town of Winslow. Three years later they helped to open up

the mountainous district west of Snowflake and build the little town of Wilford. After the hardships of home making in these districts, they went into Mexico, but returned nine years later and settled in Thatcher, Ariz., where they now live.

J. M. Cartwright, a pioneer cattle rancher living on upper Cave creek, is a stickler for good roads. In fact, ever since his arrival in Arizona, more than 35 years ago, he has been a good roads booster and an active worker in behalf of permanent highways.

Since he blazed a trail from a little station on the Southern Pacific railroad, now known as Cartwright, to his ranch, Mr. Cartwright has lived

in the hope that some day a good road would make his travel easy. He has not yet entirely abandoned hope, although age seems to be running far in the lead in the race.

"I have traveled the road from Cartwright station to my little ranch on the upper Cave creek so much that I have worn the road knee deep in sand," Mr. Cartwright writes.

Forty-four years in the same city is the record of Mrs. M. A. Hiltbrandt, 149 South Mount Vernon street, Prescott, one of the many pioneers who came to Arizona from San Francisco. Mrs. Hiltbrandt finished the trip to Prescott by stage, as everyone did in those days, but says she failed to share in any Indian trouble and found everything quiet.

At the time Mrs. Hiltbrandt came to Prescott the 25 cent piece was the smallest coin in circulation, and almost everything was priced at 25 cents a pound.

John A. McCarty writes from Elgin, Ariz., to say that he has lived in the Huachuca mountain district since February 2, 1884. During this time he has had personal encounters with the Indian chief, Geronimo.

Having lived 35 of her 42 years in Arizona, Mrs. Leverna A. Duke of Thatcher, Ariz., takes her place among the pioneers of the state. She is the daughter of Lorenzo Wright, who was killed by Indians near Solomonville, in 1885. She is now the wife of James A. Duke.

The wedding of J. B. Patterson to Miss Emily Richey, at St. Johns, January 1, 1881, was the first marriage ceremony celebrated at the Latter Day Saints' settlement. Mr. Patterson, still a resident of St. Johns, came from Utah in October, 1880.

He was one of the first incorporators of the St. Johns A. C. M., and assisted in building the first steam saw mill and flour mill. He was a member of the territorial legislature in 1896-1897, and again in 1898-1899.

Anna C. Forbach, the widow of the late Peter Forbach, has been a resident of Arizona for 47 years, coming to the territory in the spring of 1873. She is now a resident of Casa Grande. Her late husband preceded her to Arizona by 10 years, and for many years owned and operated the store and stage station at Sacaton.

Washington Street, Phoenix, In The '70s



This view is looking west on Washington street from Second street. Woolsey's hall was at this corner, the first public hall in Phoenix.

HIS HAND STEADIER WITH RIFLE THAN PEN

William Four of Dragon did his share in making things lively for warlike Indians in Arizona. Bill got into the pioneering game of Arizona along about 1861.

He writes that his hand isn't as steady with the pen as it is with the rifle and that's all that keeps him from writing some of his adventures that would keep us up late at night with the fascination and when we got through we'd be so excited we would be afraid to go to bed.

Much of Mr. Four's time as an Indian fighter was spent with Col. K. S. Woolsey and Colonel McCleave of Fort McDowell. He tells of an exciting fight with the Indians in the Black Canyon. "We left 27 Indians there," he says.

STORY OF TRIP TO ARIZONA IS TOLD IN PROSE AND POETRY

The following story of the early days, which is an account of a journey made from Salt Lake to Arizona, has been prepared for The Republican by Andrew L. Rogers of Snowflake.

On February 1, 1876, 200 men and a few women and children left the northern part of Utah to settle in Arizona on the Little Colorado river. The men were divided off into companies of 50 each, having a captain or president over them. I was under Lot Smith, a former member of the Mormon battalion.

Early in the start a road had to be broken over a mountain covered with six feet of snow. Then came mud, afterwards heavy sand, that made traveling tiresome and slow on the already faded teams. We crossed the Big Colorado river at Lee's ferry, above and below which a box canyon forms. I was with the ox teams and arrived at where Winslow now stands on May 7, having gone 800 miles from Salt Lake City in three months and a few days.

Because of shortage in supplies and the forbidding prospects, many returned and left the few to hold the country. A little corn was raised the first year, but much trouble was had in placing dams in the quicksand bottom of the river. Finally more settlers came in, a grist mill was erected, a saw mill was built some 50 miles west of Winslow near where the Mormon dairy was located and where excellent butter and cheese was manufactured, and a tannery was built.

Sheep, cattle and horses thrived well on the mountain grasses. The people lived in the united order and all their property was common stock. In a somewhat socialistic way, while many ate at one large table. All this seemingly had a purpose, for it practically saved the lives of many exhausted immigrants who got supplies from these first pioneers—something that could not have been done had every early settler worked independently. Years later, however, all scattered and went their several ways. Thus in brief was the starting of the settlement of northern Arizona.

In this connection a little song, composed by one of the Donaldson brothers of Salt Lake City, might be fitting. This boy had a banjo and he cheered our weary souls on that first hard, long march with the following ditty:

Come, listen to me, gentle folks, and I'll sing you a ditty.
'Twas in the year '76 that we left Salt Lake City.
We started for Arizona, that place you have heard tell,
It's the roughest country I ever saw—it's there we went to dwell.
When we left Salt Lake City everything was fine,
But when we got to Panguitch it's where we had a time.
The snow was six feet deep, they said, on top of the divide,
And when we began to look about our eyes opened wide.
But there was our captain, so gallant and so gay,
Says he, "We'll have to go to it, boys; there is no other way."
We got on top of the divide and how jolly we did feel
To think we'd come through all that snow and left it at our heels.
We then went to Long Valley, that place of great renown,
And as far as mud and chuck holes nowhere else can be found.
We struck the town that's called Kanab, and we were glad, you bet.
But as for all our troubles, I am not done just yet.
'Twas there we formed into companies of ten,
We then started off for the Buckskin mountains.
'Twas there we thought of making us a boat,
The mud and water was too deep our wagons for to float.
We then struck House Rock valley, a pretty place to see,
There being very little water, we divided our company.
Our oxen they began to lug and lay all around close by.
We did all we could for them, yet one of them did die.
We then went on to Jacob's Pool.

guide Apaches were overhauled by United States soldiers from Fort Apache on my campground. Several Indians were killed and some soldiers wounded.

On another occasion I and one James N. Walked acted as scouts to warn the people of Mine to "fort up" against an attack of the Apaches. In crossing a creek a pistol was accidentally discharged and at first we

thought we were ambushed, but nothing more came of it.

Near Pinedale, a Mormon named Solomon Robinson was killed. The Indians cut up wagons and destroyed property at that place.

While herding my sheep one day near the south side of the Mormon dairy I picked up \$5,000, all in \$20 gold pieces. I handed it over to Riley and Moses Casner, who claimed it

had been stolen from their brother six years before.

Near the same spot, a big mountain bear chased my sheep. I faced him with bare hands, calling him a "son-of-a-gun." He desisted, and went the other way to my great relief, not having given a thought to how helpless I would have been had he attacked me.

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